

THE CINCINNATI STAR

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ALL attention is again directed to the Tribunal.

It looks as if the Board of Egress has made its exit.

CANDIDATES for the spring election are busy. They are mainly the same men that have been alternately defeated and elected for the last ten years.

MEMPHIS is holding high carnival to-day in Memphis, New Orleans and other Southern cities. New York, under direction of our St. Martin, is taking it in a mild form.

A CORRESPONDENT who writes that he has just passed up the valley of the Little Miami, says the peach crop in that section will certainly be a complete failure, and that very many of the trees are killed.

THE spectacle of the gay and festive Simon Cameron wincing at having trifled with the affections of a bright-eyed widow of thirty-five to the extent of getting himself into a branch of promise suit, is now the only thing in Washington that can divide attention with the work of making a President.

JEM MACE tells a San Francisco reporter that the condition of society in this country has sunk so low that he considers the future of prize-fighting as a sport very gloomy. This degraded condition of the public mind he traces to the prohibition by law of the sport. But for this prohibition the pugilistic Mace is confident that prize-fighting would be the most popular of sports. He would have the police see fair play instead of dispersing the crowd, and have the law protect the interest of the prize-fighter instead of reaching for him with its rough clutches. All this would be very pleasant for James, but his misfortune is having been born several hundred years too late.

THE "Robert Fulton Monumental Park Association" has been recently organized in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the avowed object of which organization is to obtain a piece of land containing about ten acres, embellish and improve, and erect upon it a colossal statue of Robert Fulton. Unless the colossal structure which it is proposed to produce shall be of a higher order of artistic merit than the majority of American monuments, the Association would act wisely in restricting themselves to a piece of real estate, say ten yards square, and in digging a hole in the same wide enough and deep enough to bury their bronze monster in, leaving the steam vessels of the world to supply in themselves a fitting monument to the father of steam navigation.

AS TO SUGAR.

We invite our readers this evening to turn from the sour grapes of politics, which the political foxes have been regaling the public with for the past few months, to a calm and philosophical consideration of sugar. The harrowing fact that has recently been promulgated that there has been a great falling off in the crop during the year last past. It is asserted in short that Anno Domini 1876 has sored on us. Cyclones, Returning Boards, earthquakes, bull-dozers, insurrections, civil wars, Zich, Chandler, Abe Hewitt, the Sublime Turk, and Mary Walker, have been raising cane in both hemispheres, but not the kind of cane that mellows coffee to a Christian stomach or tones down sour mash to the inexperienced palate.

Like Mr. Gradgrind, the STAR delights in treating its friends to facts. A very small array of statistics upon any given subject will knock the wind out of a balloon full of theories, besides manifesting an amount of research on the part of the writer furnishing them that ought to entitle him to a holiday and a free pass to the Zoological Garden.

In 1866 the total product of sugar throughout the world was only a little over 2,000,000 tons. In 1875 it had increased to 3,168,000 tons, but in 1876 there has been a woeful reduction of over half a million tons in the crop. The falling off has not only been in cane, but in beet-root sugar as well. Of the former there was produced in 1875 1,310,000 tons, but in 1876 only 950,000.

The production of beet sugar in the same period dropped from 1,850,000 to 1,660,000 tons. It will be seen by these figures, to the surprise, probably, of most of our readers, that the world's production of beet sugar far exceeds that from cane. It appears still further that no matter what the increased production may have been, the consumption has kept pace therewith and that no surplus has been held over from year to year—no sugar kept in reserve for a rainy day—so that the deficit of 1876—half a million

tons, mind you—must result in higher prices and limited consumption. It will also quite probably increase the cultivation of the sugar beet in the United States, many parts of which are well adapted to its growth as France or Germany.

The annual per capita consumption of sugar by the inhabitants of different countries varies greatly. The average John Bull consumes fifty-six pounds per annum, and yet he is no sweeter than he should be. It takes forty-eight pounds on the average to satisfy an American sovereign, without regard to age, sex or previous condition. The Belgian ranks next in the possession of a sweet tooth, but twenty pounds will answer his purpose for a twelvemonth.

The German, Dane, Frenchman and Dutchman, although differing so widely in temperament, habits and diet, respectively average an annual consumption of sixteen pounds; the Russian and Spaniard six pounds; the Greek four, while the Turk, in the abundance of other luxuries, only requires two pounds of saccharine food to render life enjoyable. We have no returns on this subject from the Central American States or Sitting Bull with which to enlighten our readers to-day.

THAT OTHER BELGIAN FORGEY.

The Man and Wife, Arrested in Goshen, Indiana, by Examination.

Jean Baptiste Henry Vandervelpen and his wife Jeannette, who were arrested at Goshen, Indiana, last week at the instance of the Belgian Government, were brought before United States Commissioner White the other day for examination. The charge against them is that after the death of the Baron d'Acosse, a Belgian noble, in whose service Jeannette at the time was, they conspired together and forged the Baron's signature to a note for five hundred thousand francs, payable at his death. The heirs, when the note was presented for payment, instituted inquiries, and as a consequence made the accusation of forgery, hearing of which the Vandervelpens precipitately left for the United States.

Copies of the evidence taken in the case before the "Tribunal of the first instance" at Namur, Belgium, were furnished by the agents of the Belgian Government, Messrs. Goudert Brothers, to the defendant's counsel. Along with a large number of prominent residents of the place is that given by Vandervelpen and his wife on the occasion of their preliminary examination. The latter maintained that the note for the 500,000 francs was the gift of the Baron, given as a wedding present when she returned to his home after her marriage to get what was her property share and there, and that it was given in fulfillment of the Baron's promise to leave her a dowry as a reward for her eight years' constant service as his housekeeper. She claimed the note was handed to her in September, 1862, and in answer to a question as to her relations with the Baron were that she was his property, but that she sometimes went out riding with him and dined at his table—"that being, however, as I wished," she added, in explanation.

Her sister Marguerite, being in the Baron's employ after her leaving it, was arrested for numerous thefts, and Jeannette had to share her fate for a period of suspicion of being an accomplice. Being asked by the Judge why she did not produce the note at that time, she replied that she could not say unless it was because the Baron had asked her to keep its existence secret, or because she feared he would revoke it in his will, or because it then belonged to her husband, who she suspected of having stolen it. In answer to an inquiry why, upon another occasion, when the Baron seemed giving her any present, she did not contradict him by producing this post note, she excused herself with the remark that she knew very well that he had given it to her, and that she had it then.

The husband, in answer to sundry interrogations, said that he received the note for 500,000 francs from his wife shortly after their marriage, she assuring him that the Baron had given it to her, and that he knew nothing further about it.

The prisoners were remanded to Ludlow-street Jail until next Saturday, when it is expected their full examination will take place. The Belgian Government holds that the extradition treaty of 1874 covers this case. The date of the obligation is a long time before its conclusion. The ground taken is that the note was forged since the treaty went into operation. [New York World.]

A. T. STEWART, Judge W. W. Campbell, writing from Cherry Valley, tells the story of the invitation given to Mr. A. T. Stewart to become Secretary of the Treasury. He says: "I dined with Mr. Stewart in company with Gen. Grant on the day when the invitation to become Secretary of the Treasury was given personally to him. As we passed from the parlor in the dining room he pressed my hand, saying only, 'It has come.' After, Gen. Grant left, Mr. Stewart opened the subject, saying that though the invitation had been kindly and earnestly given, he could not possibly accept; that his business was so extensive he could not well leave it; and besides, he had no political experience, and while he might be able to manage the financial department, he would not be able to meet the political wishes of the Republican party. After hours of earnest discussion it was finally agreed that if Bancroft Davis, who had expressed a wish to be Assistant Secretary of State (which office he obtained and ably filled), could be induced to take the place of his assistant in the Treasury he would accept." After it was discovered that an old statute forbade his holding the office, Mr. Stewart said to the Judge that in his judgment the course he offered to take with his mercantile business would have been a substantial compliance with the law. The Judge was satisfied, and the matter was dropped. Stewart was later in the Treasury, and he was later in the Treasury, and he was later in the Treasury.

A CURIOUS COMMUNITY.

The Leper Settlement in the Island of Molokai.

The most startling and extraordinary community on the face of this earth is to be found on the Island of Molokai, one of the islands comprising this group. The community is composed of the lepers found amongst the inhabitants of the other islands and compelled by law to reside on Molokai. Of the many foreigners who visit Honolulu there are few who have an opportunity to see the leper settlement. The Government is very strict in granting permission, and but few outside of prominent journalists, scientific men and an occasional tourist of distinction can receive the necessary pass.

The passage by steamer from Honolulu to the Island of Molokai occupied about ten hours, the channel being some eighty miles wide. The first point reached is Kalaupapa, the landing for the lepers. At this place, when distinguished visitors are expected, a string band, composed of lepers, greet the guests with plaintive, mournful music, well fitting their isolation from the world and the grief, as we should think, within their hearts. As we look on the faces of the musicians the music seems weird at times, and as it comes from the mysterious caverns of death. For we can hardly imagine that intelligence, that the divine harmony of music, can be attributed to such unfortunate beings. The players are young, middle-aged, and old, all in the medium stage of leprosy; that is, the affliction is plainly visible, but there are no running sores, nor have holes been eaten through feet, hands, or body. When these native musicians have finished playing they rush to greet old companions, and many are the hearty "aloha" (love to you) which passes between the lepers and their friends. Crowds of native lepers are on the beach extending their hands and expressing a hearty "aloha" to those they greet.

The unfortunate express the greatest joy at meeting old friends, and as is common with Hawaiians and other Polynesian tribes, will sit down and cry for hours of peace for a quarter of an hour at a time. When the flood of tears is passed they are in an instant transformed into the most laughter-loving mortals. They seem to forget their physical condition, and revel in the most unbounded joy. The contrast between tears and smiles is a very strange physiological reaction. The foreign tourists who look on at this are often struck by the wit and badinage of the lepers, and especially of the young women. Fortunately a young and roystering leper girl will approach a foreigner and extend her hand for a regular pump-handle shake, but it often happens that the foreigner, though not lacking in gallantry, will fail to respond, through fear of the leper touch. The girl will then burst out in satirical laughter, and finally with the expression of "Makau oe" (you are afraid). All the natives join in, and exclaim "Makau kela holo" (that foreigner is afraid). "Mai nei oe, a me nanihihi kau" (come here, and let us kiss lovingly), was the taunting salutation of the lepers, whose affliction had not blotted out the traces of beauty in her cheeks nor dimmed the lustre of her large, soft, dreamy eyes. The gentleman addressed courteously declined the proposed nectar, when all the lepers present, men and women, had a hearty laugh at his expense.

The leper settlement is a man of undoubted intellect, a lawyer by profession, and the best orator in the Hawaiian Kingdom, writes included. Whoever has visited the Sandwich Islands has heard of "Bill" Ragsdale, as he is popularly called by foreigners, but officially known as Governor Ragsdale. He it is who is now executive at Kalaupapa. He is a native of the island, his father being a native and his mother an American. He speaks English and native with perfection, and has some knowledge of French. His knowledge of history is remarkable, and he is well read in general literature. He is apparently fifty-five years of age, of light, graceful build, polished in his manners, and is as all Hawaiians are susceptible to a fault. He first discovered that he was afflicted with leprosy in a peculiar way. It was on the island of Hawaii, at his home, while hunting up points on a law case. By accident the chimney of his lamp fell off, and although it was almost red hot, he suddenly picked it up and placed it on the lamp. Looking at his hand he saw it was burned, as any person would under the circumstances, he discovered that there was not a trace of a burn, much less the first painful sensation. It dawned across his mind that he was afflicted with leprosy, and at once, with true heroism of soul, he informed the authorities, and voluntarily consigned himself to the hospital and to the care of his friends, and the world being to his talents and high position, being slightly afflicted, he might have escaped, but he preferred to obey the law.

The valley into which the lepers are located is nearly two miles and a half long, and apparently from a half mile to a mile and a half wide. On one side is a mountain range, impassable except at one point, and there the exit is very difficult, having to be accomplished by the aid of ropes and clinging to the branches of trees. On the other side is the forever agitated ocean. Thus the lepers are secluded not only from the world but from the inhabitants occupying the other portions of Molokai. There have been a few escapes of lepers through the passage indicated, but it has always been a wonder how they could manage to escape by so steep, precipitous and dangerous an opening. When captured they are returned, but no penalty inflicted upon them. There is an abundance of fresh water on the east side of the valley, a large water-pipe furnishing a supply for the hospital and for other purposes. The valley is of volcanic origin. One of the extinct craters is about a half mile in diameter, and one hundred and fifty feet deep. The middle of the crater is a beautiful little lake, emerald in its hue. The water is reported to be as salt as the sea, and contains two or three kinds of fish. The natives say the lake is unfathomable, and that it is fed from the sea. Glancing at the valley as a whole, it is most admirably fitted for the purpose to which it is allotted. The climate is genial, and at times warm in summer, the nights are deliciously cool. In all the Hawaiian Islands there is not another location so perfect for a leper settlement as this.

The denizens of the leper settlement manage to enjoy themselves in many ways. They have their balls and parties, at which they trip the light fantastic, both in native and European style. There are two hundred and twenty-seven houses in the valley, mostly built by the Government for their tenants. There are two Roman Catholic chapels and one Protestant church; also, two schoolhouses, where the young are educated. Many of the lepers who are able to work have taro patches, where they plant taro, and thus secure

a supply of fresh poi, a delicacy dear to the native palate.

They nearly all own horses, which they at times drive at a furious rate. The average Kanaka, no matter where you find him, is sure to ride his horse to death some day or another, and the women, in this respect are the same as the men. But this is one of their great enjoyments, and they will indulge in it even amongst the lepers. When not horseback-riding, planting taro, or otherwise engaged, the lepers do a little legitimate loafing around "the country store," where they barter and trade or keep inquiring for letters whenever a vessel touches at Kalaupapa, the only landing at the settlement.

No vessels are permitted to touch there except on special business connected with the lepers. Whenever a vessel touches it is a kind of holiday for all the natives who are able to ride down to the landing. When foreigners arrive the natives are sure to have a good harvest, because, though they charge nothing for the use of their horses, it is the custom to pay the owners whatever you see fit in return for this kindness. Some of the natives manage to accumulate a little money by trading and speculation. [Correspondence San Francisco Post.]

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

The Story of an Emigrant—An Heroic Girl.

James Stockton lived in a small town in England. Work was very scarce, and he, with many others, felt that he could not remain long in it. The fever to go to America and penetrate the little village, and many were selling what little they had at a sacrifice to get means to come to this country, where they thought all was prosperity. Stockton had a brother who had gone to the United States, and was reported as doing well. He determined to hunt him up, and if he was plenty to send for his family. Although he had no idea of the size of the country to which he was going, and did not know where his brother was located, he thought it would be a very easy matter to find him. He soon discovered his mistake.

After wandering about for some time, he finally found good employment in a little place, not far from the coast. Time passed and he gave up all hope of finding his brother and prepared to return to his family in England. One day a fellow-workman asked his name, telling him that a man named William Stockton was a neighbor of his. Stockton felt that he had found his long-lost brother, and was so rejoiced that he could not find words to express his joy. He found his brother comfortably situated with a family around him, and it made him long to have his dear ones, also, come. He wrote to have them prepare, as he would send passage tickets in a short time.

He procured the tickets and was about to send them, when he received a letter from his brother, telling him that he was all ready to come, and would bring to him a little child four months old, born to them after his departure from home. She spoke of the journey he would have in making the journey, knowing she would soon see him. The poor woman little thought that her journey of life was nearly over. At the end of the letter was a few lines from the oldest child, a girl of fifteen years of age, informing him that, on the next morning after her mother had written the letter, the children heard the little babe crying, and, as the mother's voice was not heard, one of them went to see what was the matter, and found the mother dead in bed with her child clasped in her arms. This left the care of five small children to this girl of fifteen years, and she asked her father what she should do. As he had a good situation here, he decided to have them come.

The little nurse started with her charge. She knew nothing of traveling, and consequently her difficulties were many. When one or two days out on the ocean the babe took sick, and all the others were more or less seasick. As the child grew worse she applied to the physician for medicine. He ordered her to give the child a warm bath each morning. She went to the cook for the warm water, only to be ordered off with the remark that he had no time to trouble with the matter. Repeated attempts proved no better, and, being too timid to apply to others for aid she could do nothing for the little sufferer. New York was reached at last, and she thought her journey almost over. The children were delighted with the thought that they would soon see their father. But a two-days' journey on the cars still awaited them.

The babe grew worse, and on the last day it died in her arms. She dared not tell any one of the fact, for fear the child would be taken from her, and then her father could not see it. The train made a longer stop than usual at a certain place, and the children were out on the platform for exercise. A lady, noticing so many children alone, went and talked with them. She drew aside the cloak from the little one's face and saw that it was dead. The poor girl begged so piteously that she might be allowed to take the few miles she had to go, that a small coffin was procured and the dead babe laid in it. The children started, and more on their way, the young nurse carrying the coffin on her lap.

The father was reached in due time at the home of his brother, and the poor child laid the coffin on the floor and gave herself up to her long-pent grief, telling through her tears how much she had suffered and how she had prayed that she might bring the babe alive to her father.

Such was the experience of James Stockton. It was a bad trial for him, but he is comforted with the thought that such a noble daughter is spared to him. [Cleveland Leader.]

"Blood Will Tell."

How rarely we meet a person of whom we can say, he or she is the "picture of health!" We daily meet those whose faces betray the presence of dyspepsia, debility, some liver affection, or impoverished blood. The blood is the life. When out of order many symptoms are manifest that are attributed to other causes, and yet when this is corrected all disappear. An unsurpassed agent for purifying and enriching the blood is found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It imparts the "blood of youth" that art only imitates. Under its use, the "sallow tinge" of the skin, as well as pimples, blotches, and eruptions, disappear.

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We refer to that most remarkable compound, which almost every one has tried, Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound, for coughs, colds, blood spitting, weak lungs, croup, whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis and

all diseases of the lungs and throat. Probably no similar preparation ever before so quickly found its way into public favor as this. Its sale in our community is simply enormous. Those who have been disappointed in other so-called remedies, are especially invited to try this. Be sure to get the genuine Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound. There are imitations in the market. Look out for them. Trial size, 10 cents; regular sizes, 50 cents and \$1. Sold by JOHN KESSELMAN, Sixth and Walnut streets, and W. H. Adair, Sixth and Mound streets. Also agents for Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which never fails. Pleasant to take, and requires no pay. Price 25c.

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perfect and permanent cure. Its opera-

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on the system is not to suspend Disease,

but to remove it entirely from the sys-

tem, and to establish a healthy and last-

ing action. It is adapted to all ages and

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which are most delicate are restored to

health, and the Bloom of Youth caused

to appear again on the cheek.

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the most eminent Swedish, German and

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Hoyley. Time, 7 min. fast.

Depot, Cincinnati. Time, 4 min. fast.

Local Mail. Time, 5 min. fast.

New York Ex. daily. Time, 5 min. fast.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 min. fast.

Louisville Ex. daily. Time, 5 min. fast.

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